
Title: The Infernal Proposal

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Whispers from the
underworld tell me
that the Moonglow
Town Council may
come for me. In a
vision I saw a horned
man leading an armada
today, I believe it was
that infernal
GreyPawn. But
they'll never learn of
my pact - I've
destroyed all
remaining documents,
except this one last
book, which I plan to
throw into the sea.
Our work is
done, the pact is made,
soon the demihumans
will have the power,
and the will, to throw
down the humans
from their place of
power. The fools, I
will rule over them,
with their feeble
intellects. I shall.
That is why I allow
this to happen.
GreyPawn may
capture my library,
but the required books
have moved on. There
are two spells, a spell
of darkness, and a
spell of light - oh how
the names still strike
me with humor! The
spell of light shall
strike down those who
hold dear the light,
and the spell of
darkness shall
destroy those that hold
it dear. I gave the
reagent list for the
dark spell to the orcs

of Cove in Feluccia,
and I gave the reagent
list for the spell of
light to the deamons of
Hylloth - I even
designed a devious
little spell, so that if
one pure of heart
touches the evil book,
it will burn to ashes,
and if one of a black
heart touches the
books of light, they
will evaporate. The
other books lie with
the other sentient
races of Britannia, the
fool humans shall
never find them.
Now, I shall throw
this final book into the
sea! Soon I will rule
the orcish hordes, I
will command the
lizardmen, I will bend
the will of the ettins,
ogres, and trolls! The
ratmen will be my
slaves, and the riches
of these races will be
mine! For then I will
rule over the few
puny humans left
from the ravages of
my spell, and I will be
lord of all.

Signed in the blood of a
peasant;
Duke Westmark